

THE MIDDLETOWN TRANSCRIPT,

A Reliable Democratic Journal, devoted to

Local and General News,

Literature,

Agriculture,

And Politics,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.

Established in 1868.

The Seventh Volume will be commenced January 1st, 1874. Neither price nor expense will be spared to make it pleasing, and worthy of the patronage of the public. As a Local paper it is thoroughly identified with the interests of the people among whom it is situated, and will at all times be found advocating and defending whatever will most conduce to the welfare and benefit of those people. To this end correspondence on local subjects, especially on Fruit Growing and Agriculture generally, is cordially and earnestly invited, as well as communications giving the current (local) news of the times, and such other matters of interest.

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POSTAGE PREPAID.—On every subscription paid in advance, before the first of January, we will prepare the postage.

E. REYNOLDS.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Dec. 13th, 1873.

Select Poetry.

CONTENTMENT.

[Suggested on seeing a little picture of an aged couple seated in a log cabin before a fire at bedtime.]

The banks is all a bustle, Nance; an' things is goin' ter smash;
The people sold fur credit whar they'd oughter sell fur cash;
An' winter's bringin' poverty to everybody's door.
The rich kin stand it pretty well—hit's orful on the poor.

The workin' man's the sufferer, Nance; he's got no work to do;
An' folks are goin' to suffer whar they sufferin' never knew.
An' them that's always 'showin' off' to poor folks whar they're got.
You'll find, Nance, that they'll turn out the poorest of the lot.

I've just been thinkin', Nancy Jane, about the howl;
How folks had better live an' raise thar children just like us;
For, as I told old Deacon Smith, he said it all was true;
He never in his life had need two folks like me and you.

Our home's an old log cabin, Nance; half hidden in the woods;
Our family's rich in life and health, but poor in 'worldly goods';
We haint no fine lace curtains, or no carpet on the floor;
But the sun is always smilin' through the window an' the door.

Our farm is small—we've got a spring, an' horses, hogs an' cows;
We've gals to milk, an' cook, an' sew, an' boys to tend the plow;
We've got no gold in banks that bust, nor ore no man can cut;
I tell you, Nance, the Lord is good, an' we should feel content.

We're plain an' honest country folks, an' know no 'city airs';
We read the bible every night before we kneel in prayer;
We go to church on Sundays, Nance, an' walk 'stide like the rest;
An' live like Christian people ought—we try to do what's best.

Our boys don't do like city boys, who from thar dandy shirk;
Whose parents raise 'em up to think 'tis a disgrace to work;
Our gals ain't like them city gals who will so often meet;
Who ought to help thar mothers more, an' run less on the street.

You don't see Thomas Heavy gushin' billiards every night;
Or loafin' 'bout the tavern, gittin' treated till he's tight;
You don't find him a runnin' round to catch some damsel's eye;
Or courtin' some gals that's rich, whose daddy's 'bout to die.

Ah! Nance, the time has come at last when pride must have its fall;
The folks 'll find the workin' man's life and the prop of all;
The farmer's independence, Nance, his trade will never spoil;
So long as he is able with his sons 'to fill the soil.

The proud, aristocratic folks, who sit in fortune's door,
Who thought they'd never come to want, are 'bout to get a worse;
Their servants gone, their horses sold, their houses and their lands,
An' everything except their lives, are in the Sheriff's hands.

Old woman, put your knittin' up; it's gittin' purty late;
'I'll read about two chapters in the Bible, if you'll wait;
We'll pray to God before we sleep, as every Christian ought;
An' thank Him, not for what we want, but what we've had, an' got.

WILLIS HAYS.

Louisville, November 12, 1873.

Select Story.

CATCHING A TARTAR.

A TRADITION OF SWEDEN.

Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, sur named, on account of his warlike propensities, by his admirers, the "Lion of the North," and his detractors, with equal justice, perhaps, the "Madman of the North," accidentally encountered at the chateau Gortz a young creature from the banks of the Volga—a niece of Baron Gortz. So powerful was the impression she at once made upon the hitherto impregnable heart of the hero, as completely was he spellbound in her charms, that he seemed to lose all recollection of other matters, even of the disastrous battle of Pultowa.

The name of this enchantress was the Princess Ikla—for she was a princess, her mother, the baron's sister, having married the Hetman of the Tartars. Being left an orphan at an early age, she had taken up her residence with Baron Gortz at Stralsund.

The baron was a bit of a historian—he thought he was—and was then engaged in writing a history of the king, who called upon him often to revise and correct the work. Besides, the baron was one of the crown councillors, and was often entrusted with important business of the State.

Charles XII had that desire which seems to be inherent in the breast of greatness—he wished to be loved for himself alone, without regard to his state and grandeur. Consequently he had himself presented to Ikla under the simple title of Count d'Offen, and in that name he paid

his court to the arctic princess, for her Tartar blood made her disregard many of the conventionalities of life, though her uncle often declared that she had the blood of the Gortzes full in her veins, and was no more a Tartar than he was; and there was not much of the Kalmuch about him.

Baron Gortz was highly delighted at the prospect of becoming the uncle of the king; but that delight was tempered by a wholesome dread of his prospective nephew-in-law. For, stripping off the dazzling veil of his military glory, he must acknowledge that the "Lion of the North" was an unmitigated tyrant, and ruled his subjects in a very arbitrary manner.

Baron Gortz had proof of this one day, when he received a letter from the king. It contained these words:

"BARON GORTZ.—Information has reached me that the Captain of Hussars, Gustavus Reinold, who was condemned to death for neglect of orders at the battle of Pultowa, but who escaped before the execution of his sentence, has been seen in Stralsund. Write instantly to the governor; tell him we hold him responsible for the apprehension of this traitor. Within five minutes of his being taken and identified let him be shot. And the person in whose house he shall be found shall be forthwith shot."

This letter troubled the good baron sorely, for his niece had made him promise to intercede for this identical young officer. He broke into a cold perspiration when he reflected that if he did so the probability was that he would get himself shot for his pains. He wished in his heart that the king and Ikla were married, because then he should be his uncle, and he would never think of shooting one of the royal family.

He wrote the order to the governor, and sent it by a servant, who informed him that an officer of the police wished to speak with him. Wondering at this he hurried to the hall below. On his return, he found Ikla, a sylphid, dark-haired, dark-eyed gypsy of a woman, gazing listlessly from the large bay-window, into the street below. She noticed that he was in a state of perturbation.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"I want to put you on your guard," he exclaimed, breathlessly. "The police have sent to say they have reason to believe that a young man is concealed somewhere in my chateau."

"I know it," answered Ikla, coolly. "I concealed him."

"Who?" exclaimed the astonished baron.

"Who is he?"

"Gustavus Reinold."

The baron uttered a dismal groan.

"Ikla, you have murdered me!" he cried, and sank feebly into a chair.

"Not so bad as that, I hope," she replied, smilingly.

"I tell you that whoever harbors the traitor is to be shot!" exclaimed the frightened baron irately.

"You know well that Gustavus is no traitor."

"What signifies that? If the king orders it, he must be shot—and so must I!" And the baron groaned again. "What made you take so fatal an interest in this wretched young man?"

"His misfortunes," replied Ikla. "He is innocent; I know it, and my dear mother, your sister, knew it also. Forced by a cruel and unjust sentence to fly his country, he found refuge and safety in ours."

"Then why the deuce did he leave it?"

"To follow me when you sent for me. Finding the pursuit so hot, I thought the best asylum for him was my chateau."

At this moment, a servant entered the room, and announced Count D'Offen.

The baron's visage brightened with a hopeful idea.

"There is but one chance for us all!" he exclaimed. "Marry the Count, and then—" He checked himself abruptly.

"If it depends on that, our chance is small," she returned reproachfully; "but listen to me—obey me, and all will yet be well. I intend to play a desperate game; but, if I win, I shall save a life of far more value than my own."

She held a rapid conference with the baron; and though he listened to her at first with astonishment and alarm, she finally won him over to her purpose, and he promised to assist her, though it was with fear and trembling. But he had pretty well made up his mind by this time that he should be shot any way, and he thought it did not make much difference for what.

He withdrew, and Charles the Twelfth, as Count D'Offen, entered the room. He wore the uniform of his favorite regiment; a light blue coat trimmed with gold, and the corners of the skirts turned back; high

boots of black leather, to which a formidable pair of spurs was attached; a three-cornered black hat; a black stock; buff gauntlets, and heavy sword. He looked more like a warrior equipped for the field than a fond lover seeking his lady's bower.

He felt like a timid school-boy in the presence of his exquisite beauty, who had stormed the outworks of his heart, and penetrated to the very citadel. Would any one believe that he was Charles the Twelfth?

In her turn, Ikla also had her reflections.

"He seeks a Tartar," she thought; "he shall find one."

"What count?" she exclaimed, "in regiments? How devoted you must be to the king."

"Well, I am," he exclaimed; "but I came here, as well as I can recollect, to tell you how devoted I am to you—only I confess myself awkward in these matters. I never cared for a woman till I saw you."

"Why, count, you must be the very counterpart of the king," cried Ikla, coquettishly. "They say he hates women."

"He does no such thing," replied Charles, quickly.

"How do you know?" she asked archly.

"I think I know him."

"You might as well say you think you know yourself."

"How?" he said, suspiciously.

"Which no man does."

"Oh, I know you, at all events. I know what a taking, striking, bewitching little creature you are! Above all, I know how I love you! I am a plain, blunt soldier, and like to know the worst that can happen to me. Do you love me?"

"Is that the worst that can happen to you?" she asked demurely.

"Ikla, I generally get the best of it at blows; but I own you beat me on words. I shall simply return to the charge. Do you love me?"

"I must have proof of your love before I answer that."

"What proof?"

"Would you grant any little whim of mine?"

"Certainly I would."

"Don't make any rash promises."

"I swear it."

Ikla laughed gleefully, went into an adjoining room, and brought forward an antique costume, such as had been worn by the dames of fifty years ago.

"I have the greatest desire to see how you would look dressed as my grandmother," she cried.

The king was appalled.

"Death and the dev—" he began.

"Oh, fie! no swearing in a lady's presence!" she said checking him. "But I am glad I have discovered what your love amounts to."

He expostulated with her, and ended, as common mortals do, in submitting to a woman's will.

She then dressed him in the heavy brocade dress, and then tied the high, starched cap tightly under his chin.

"Faugh!" he cried in disgust, "this dress makes me smell like a muskrat."

"You don't like perfumes, then?"

"No—yes; one—gunpowder! I'm like Charles the Twelfth, and there's no perfume for me but gunpowder."

"Oh, if I were his wife!" exclaimed Ikla, fervently.

He regarded her in pleased surprise.

"What are you in love with the king?"

"Oh, dear no! Only one might be inclined to sacrifice one's self for the good of one's country."

Charles smiled grimly.

"You are vastly condescending," he replied. "And, pray, what else would you do for the good of your country?"

"I would soften his character. I would tame this lion; and he should soon be as much beloved as he is already admired and feared."

"And how is this to be accomplished?" inquired Charles.

"Sit down and let me tell you. There now, you must fancy yourself, Charles the Twelfth."

"Well, I do," he answered with a significant smile.

"Consider me the queen," she continued, and drew her chair beside him.

"Go on," he cried, rather pleased with the conceit.

"I should devote my life to obtaining and securing his entire confidence."

"We will suppose you have it."

"Then I should use it to make him submit, on all fitting occasions, to my sovereign will. I would teach him the true value of his noblest prerogative."

severe, I know; but he is just."

"Not always. Witness the case of Captain Reinold."

Charles started, and glanced at her suspiciously.

"What do you know of that culprit?" he cried.

"His sentence is unjust," she answered, firmly, "and therefore a fit object for the interference of the queen." She rose, went to the table and took a paper from it. "Now, if I were queen, I would approach the king, as I do you, with this paper in my hand." She walked up to him with dignity. "I would say to him, 'Sire, your honor and your glory both require that you should put your name to this—sign.'"

He took the paper from her in surprise, and looked at it.

"A pardon for Captain Reinold," he exclaimed, and his brow darkened angrily. "Indeed, then, my dear little friend, if I were Charles the Twelfth, this would be my answer."

He tore up the paper.

Nothing discomposed, she immediately drew another paper from her pocket.

"Then," she said, and knelt at his feet pleadingly as she spoke, "King of Sweden, your eyes are blinded, not by justice, but by anger. When Captain Reinold was entrusted with that order, he found the battle of Pultowa irretrievably lost; if he had delivered it he would only have caused a massacre of the Swedish prisoners by the remorseless Russians. For this reason alone he did not deliver it, and thus incurred your majesty's displeasure."

"I desire to know the reason of the extraordinary interest you take in this young man?" he asked.

"You shall know, count," she answered "when you have promised to obtain his pardon from the king."

"I will make no such promise," cried Charles, sternly.

A timid knocking at the door disturbed them. Ikla would have opened it, but Charles, aware of the ridiculous manner in which he was dressed, restrained her.

Then the voice of the baron was heard, in very tremulous accents, declaring that the royal council was assembled, and awaited the presence of the count.

Charles, in dismay, begged Ikla to remove the dress, for he found it impossible to do so; but she only laughed at his predicament.

"Wretched girl," he exclaimed angrily, "you have forced me to declare myself. I am the king."

"Sire," she answered with mocking courtesy, "I have known it from the first. Sign the pardon, therefore, or I will at once admit the council."

The king was obliged to acknowledge himself vanquished. He signed the pardon, and Ikla freed him from the obnoxious garments. Then she admitted her uncle, and informed the king that he was all the council there was assembled, and reassured the poor baron, who looked half frightened to death for his share in the little plot.

"Baron-de-Gortz," said Charles, "for certain reasons I have pardoned Captain Reinold. Let this pardon be sent to him at once."

Ikla took the pardon.

"There is no occasion to send it, sire," she said archly. "I can deliver it myself. Gustavus is concealed in this chateau."

"Gustavus again!" cried the king, sharply. "Is this man your lover?"

"He is; and would have been my husband."

"Then you have deceived me every way."

"No, sire; you deceived yourself. Had I been ambitious, I might have sealed your ruin; as it is, I have saved Sweden from a queen who would not have been worthy of her, and restored to her a king who is."

He was determined she should not beat him every way.

"Ikla," he exclaimed, "I will restore Reinold to favor, and make him a colonel; and, as I still have my doubts about him, let us marry him. No doubt you will teach him to obey orders in future; and may he not find—"

"What?"

"That he has caught a Tartar!"

Daniel Webster penned the following beautiful sentiment: If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time effaces it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles; with the just fear of God and love of our fellow-men—we engrave upon these tablets something which will brighten for eternity.

LETTERS.

To the Boys and Girls of the Middletown Academy, Delaware.

BY REV. JOSEPH WILSON.

No. 8.—ASTRONOMY.

My Young Friends:—All that you can do during your school days, will be to take the first steps only in the pursuit of knowledge. You may be compared to the little child just beginning to walk. Your first steps may be very feeble and tottering, and you may sometimes get a fall; but do not be discouraged, but, like the little one, up and at it again. Some of the subjects that will engage your attention have occupied the minds of the greatest men that ever lived, and yet they have not arrived at perfection.

Although the present amount of knowledge is greater than it ever was since the world began, yet there is probably many times more to be learned than the world now knows. I suppose that astronomy is one of the subjects you will be called to study. It is a sublime and difficult science, and especially difficult to young persons whose minds have not arrived at maturity.

Astronomy, as you may have learned, is a word derived from the Latin language and means "The Science of the Stars," including what is called "The Solar System," which embraces the sun and all the planets which move around him, together with their satellites or moons, and the small bodies called Asteroids.

The Solar System, of itself, is a most magnificent affair, though, as compared with the whole universe of stars, it is but like a grain of sand compared to a great mountain. Of this system we can form but a very inadequate conception, for who can grasp the idea that the sun itself is many times larger than all the planets together that move around him, and fourteen hundred thousand times larger than the earth?

With the Solar System, to which we belong, you should try to be well acquainted, as to the position and motions of its several planets. If I were engaged in the work of instructing youth, I think I would adopt the following plan, to give them a correct idea of the Solar System, which plan might be called "The Astronomical Play," or Dance if you like that better:

Choose a plot of level ground large enough for the purpose. Let the largest boy take his station in the centre, and let him be called the Sun. A few feet from him let one of the smallest and most roguish of the little boys take his place, to represent Mercury. Next to him, but considerably larger, choose the prettiest girl in school to represent Venus, which you know is the evening star that shines so brightly after sunset or early in the morning.

Then, further off from the Sun, place another handsome girl, whom you may call Terra, or the Earth, attended by a little maid, to be called Luna, or the Moon. Next to Terra, and still farther from the Sun, place a stout boy to represent Mars, and if the boy is somewhat disposed to fight so much the better, for Mars, you know, was the god of war—as the Romans thought.

Outside of Mars another large boy must take his place as Jupiter, with a white belt around him, and surrounded by four little girls as his satellites.

Saturn may be represented by an old-looking boy, with a white or grey wig on his head; for Saturn was called the father of the gods. Around Saturn you must place seven little girls to be his Satellites or Moons.

Outside of all is Herschel, to be represented by a medium-sized boy, to be attended by six little girls as his Satellites or Maids of Honor.

You have now the position of the planets as to the Sun and to one another. But each of the planets has two motions—One around the Sun in different times according to their distance; and the other on its own axis; which two motions are aptly shown by the forward and revolving motions of a carriage or car wheel as it moves along the road.

The boys and girls all having their positions, let them move around the central boy or the Sun, describing circles with the same radius all around.

The Satellites or Moons must keep moving around their several planets, and all, with the sun, turning on their axes in the same direction.

You have now the Astronomical play, or Solar System dance, and if you play it neatly, it will give you a better idea of the Solar System than you can get from books. I expect your teacher will be pleased to assist you in making the above arrangement, and will be able to explain it to you better than I can do by writing.

Charles James Fox.

Charles James Fox was a younger son of Lord Holland and Lady Caroline. The good-natured, unprincipled father suffered him to grow up without restraint. If he wished to break a fine watch to pieces, no one must prevent him. All his misdeeds were easily pardoned, and all his whims indulged. Charles Fox's education at home seems to have resembled that of Oriental princes who are spoiled by servile menials, and despotic tyrants who are nurtured to dissipation. It is not a little wonderful that he should become at last the teacher of the widest liberalism. In his early youth his father took him to the German spas. Here he acquired his taste for gambling. He came back to England a spendthrift, a cop, and the most reckless of the frequenters of White's. Play consumed all his leisure hours. The vast sums given to him, or left by his indulgent father, melted away, and the ill-gotten gains of the corrupt Paymaster-General were squandered in guilty amusements. Before he was twenty-five Fox had lost over £100,000. He was reduced to poverty. The bailiffs sold out his house and furniture. Nothing but a seat in Parliament kept him out of Newgate. He would sometimes leave his watch in pawn for a pot of porter. Often he was without a shilling. The bailiffs were his constant companions. Once, after a dissolution of Parliament, he was walking with his friend Hare, who was also deeply in debt, and expecting an arrest. Two bailiffs suddenly appeared.

"Well, gentlemen," said Fox, "are you here-hunting or Fox-hunting?"

Through all his career of unbridled dissipation the clear methodical intellect of Charles James Fox never lost its vigor, and never ceased to feed on the purest culture. The gambler and spendthrift found his highest enjoyment in the study of Virgil and Shakespeare. His taste in letters was of the purest kind. He became slowly the finest debater in the House of Commons. The purity of his style gave force to the strength of his argument, and a constant labor added to the clearness of his perception. He defended the American colonies against Lord North; he joined in the memorable "coalition," sustaining the revolutionists of France, and parted from Burke in tears. He demanded incessantly reform for England, and when almost all other men faltered, still upheld the cause of the people.

In 1806 Fox became Foreign Secretary. His vices had long passed away. He only aim now was to abolish the slave-trade, and to promote a lasting peace. But he died soon after. He began life as Alcibiades, and ended it by laboring to become a Washington. Until recently, at least, the genius of Charles James Fox, has ruled at Holland House.—FRANK "HOLLAND HOUSE," by EUGENE LAWRENCE, in *Harper*

Wit and Humor.

Virus's Candidate.

Soon after the first inauguration of Governor Seward as Chief Magistrate of this State, Virus Smith, then and for many years afterward a potential man in the Whig party of Onondaga County, wrote to Mr. Thurlow Weed, requesting him to call upon the Governor, and ask him to appoint a certain man as Indian Agent for the Onondaga tribe of Indians. The person recommended by Mr. Smith was well known to Mr. Weed as one of those "fuzzy, meddlesome, maladroited, pestilent fellows, nuisances to any party, whose only power is a power for mischief. He was therefore surprised at Mr. Smith's urging him for the position, and thought it could only have been done through ignorance of his character or misrepresentation on the part of others. Mr. Weed accordingly replied, expressing regret at Mr. Smith's request, in view of the objectionable character of the candidate, and begging him to suggest a more acceptable name. Next day Mr. Weed mentioned the matter to the Governor (who was equally cognizant of the man's character), and remarked that he had answered the letter, and the action for the present would be delayed. It was thought that this would bring Mr. Smith to Albany to look after the matter, as it did. On arriving he promptly called upon Mr. Weed, who expostulated with him as to the character of his candidate. "Nevertheless," he said, "if you make it a point that he must have the place, why, have it he must."

"Well, Mr. Weed, I am very anxious about it?"

"But you know what a bad fellow he is?"

"Can't help it; he's my man."

"But can't you give some reason for your urgency?"

"No," replied Mr. Smith; "I do not care to do that."

"But the Governor thinks badly of this fellow and certainly some explanation is due to him."

"Well, it's something I don't wish to talk about."

"Why?"

"Do you really wish to know?"

"Certainly."

"Then, if you insist upon it, I'll tell you. You know there are among the Onondagas two parties, the Christians and the Pagans?"

"I am aware of it."

"Well, my man is a little in favor of the Christians. The pagans have found that out, and what is more, they have agreed among themselves that the moment he comes among them they'll kill him!"

"Virus," as he was popularly called in Onondaga, finally concluded, in the interest of humanity, to withdraw his candidate, and there was no assassination by the pagans of Onondaga—Editor's Drawn, in Harper's Magazine for February.

Quoted in Full.

You have no doubt heard the story of the Chinaman who, in making a new pair of breeches for the American captain, with an old pair for a pattern, followed his copy so literally as to reproduce a stitch rent and two patches. But the ludicrousness of the imitation was entirely thrown into the shade by the mistake of an honest, literal servant who had taken the job of finishing the stone work of a new church in Briarport. The presiding clergyman of the parish was chairman of the committee on ornamentation, and it was decided that a suitable quotation of Holy Writ be engraved upon the capstone of the portal over the main entrance. In accordance therewith the workman was directed to carve upon the stone the sentence—"My House shall be called the House of Prayer." The man acknowledged his literary deficiency, and in order that he might make no mistake, he asked for an exact copy of what was wanted. The clergyman being in somewhat of a hurry, and having a small pocket Testament with him, took it out, and opened to the twenty-first chapter of Matthew, and pointing to the thirteenth verse, he said:—

"There, my man, you have it just as we want it."

The craftsman took the book, and the clergyman went his way.

The dedication of the church was postponed a week to await the finishing of the cap-stone. It was done in time, and raised to its place, and the consecration of the good minister and his companions of the committee can be better imagined than described, upon beholding how literally with a vengeance the workman had copied the text of Scripture. Commencing at the point designated by the clergyman, he had reproduced the whole verse, so that the stone bore upon its face the startling sentence:—

"My House shall be called the House of Prayer; but ye have made it a Den of Thieves!"

There was a further postponement of the dedicatory services, and in the end the lower half of the cap-stone was adorned with a net-work of chiselling and clipping not contemplated by the original plan.—*Ledger.*

Periodicals.

SCRIBNER FOR 1874.

The unexampled favor accorded to this Magazine by the public, enables us to enter upon the coming year with the means of making it more attractive and valuable than ever before to its large and increasing number of readers on both sides of the Atlantic. The serial story of the year, **KATHERINE EARLE**, by Miss Trafton, is a charming Love Story by a gifted writer, which is destined to a wide popularity. There will be brilliant Novels, and the Best Short Stories, by Saxo Holm, Bret Harte and other delightful story-tellers. A series of striking and unique poems, with illustrations, "Old Time Music," by Benj. F. Taylor, known for his brilliant contributions to the Western Press, will be again in the pages of the Spinning Wheel, The Flail, The Stage Coach, The Mill, etc., etc.

Portraits and Biographical Sketches of American Authors; papers on Dairy Farming and Stock Raising in Europe, on Household Decoration and Furniture, besides more than fifty other illustrated articles are now in preparation. The splendid series, **"THE GREAT SOUTH,"** the most important and expensive series of illustrated papers ever undertaken by any Magazine, will be continued through the year. In the December Number we complete the papers on Louisiana. The next in order will be The Lone Star State; The Mountain Regions of the South; The Iron Regions of Missouri, &c., &c. There, with the Essays and Editorial Discussions of Literature, Science and Art, Sketches of Travel, occasional poems and etchings, will make a Magazine of Christian Literature designed to be the "Best in the World."

The Holiday Number of ST. NICHOLAS, our splendid new illustrated Magazine for Girls and Boys, the finest ever issued, will be sent to all subscribers of Scribner's Monthly for 1874. Also the November and December numbers of St. Nicholas sent free to those who subscribe for both Magazines. \$4.00; July number of Scribner's Monthly containing the introductory article of the Great South Series, sent to subscribers to Scribner who request it when making their subscriptions. Scribner's Monthly \$4.00, St. Nicholas \$3.00 a year, or \$7.00 for both.

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THE subscriber, intending to retire from the mercantile business, offers for sale his entire stock of Goods, with good will and fixtures, of the store he now occupies.

The Store House (one of the best in Odessa), is for rent. Also for sale or rent, a nicely located Dwelling, it being newly painted and fitted up, and very convenient.

Also, Granaries and Wharf.

All these properties will be sold or rented together or separately. J. C. MATTHEWS.

Odessa, Jan. 21st, 1874-tf.

FOR RENT, ON SHARES.

The Farm of Mrs. David Wilson Thomas, situated about two miles below Odessa, containing about 300 acres. Apply to DANIEL W. COBB, Odessa, Del.

Or to W. C. SPRUANCE, Wilmington, Del.

FOR RENT.

TWO Store Rooms on Main street, opposite the Peninsular Machine Works, suitable for Millinery or Tailoring Store. One of them is at present in the tenure of Mrs. Mary H. Hays. Apply to J. H. SCOWDRICK.

Jan 24th-tf.

FOR RENT.

A DWELLING-HOUSE and Stable, with 17 Acres of Land attached, in the village of Cecilton, Md. Inquire of GEO. A. FORD, Cecilton, Or B. F. H. CAULK, Sassafras, Kent co., Md. Jan 17-3m.

A VALUABLE PROPERTY

ON MAIN STREET, MIDDLETOWN, Lot 60 x 150 feet. Good dwelling and store, stable and carriage-house. Excellent garden. Good water. Central location. Will be sold a bargain upon easy terms. J. T. BUDD, Jan 10-4t.

FOR SALE OR RENT.

A good Store House & Dwelling, with Stable, &c., on High Street, Odessa, Delaware. Apply to J. THOS. BUDD, Middletown, or WILLIAM W. ARMSTRONG, Odessa. Jan 3-8w.

FOR SALE.

EASE (with or without fixtures) of Delaware City Hotel. Good location. Very little money wanted. Apply to POST OFFICE, Jan 24-2w.

C. MAISEL,

TAILOR, (From Paris),
1321 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

21-17

Professional.

JOHN A. REYNOLDS,
Notary Public,
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

J. M. BARR,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
Jan 17-3ms.

DR. THOMAS H. GILPIN,
Graduate of the Pennsylvania College of
DENTAL SURGERY.
HAVING located in Middletown, and succeeded Dr. J. J. Vanderford, respectfully offers his professional services to the public.

M. C. CONWELL. GEN. DAN. WOODALL.
Conwell & Woodall,
CIVIL ENGINEERS AND SURVEYORS,
Room No. 9, Exchange Building,
Seventh and Market Sts.,
WILMINGTON, DEL.,
my 31-17

THOMAS S. DUNNING, A. M. M. D.
Homoeopathic Physician,
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.
Has removed to Broad Street, opposite the
Middletown Academy.
Office hours, 7 to 9 A. M.
1 to 3 P. M.
dec 3-tf

JAS. A. BUCHANAN,
Attorney and Counselor-at-Law
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Practices in the Courts of Baltimore City and adjacent Counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and also in the Supreme Court of the United States and of the District of Columbia. And attends to the

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REYNOLDS & CO.,
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Jan 11-6ms

DENTISTRY.

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Graduate of the Pennsylvania College of
DENTAL SURGERY.
DELAWARE CITY, DELAWARE.

REFERENCES.
Hon. H. G. S. Key, St. Mary's co., Md.
Hon. B. G. Harris, " " " "
Col. C. Billingsley, " " " "
Dr. F. C. Neale, " " " "
Joseph H. Key, Esq., " " " "
Hon. B. T. Biggs, New Castle co., Del.
Rev. John Patton, D. D., " "
Rev. J. C. McCabe, D. D., " "
Hon. Hiram McCullough, Cecil county, Md.
Rev. Henry Matthews, " "
Hon. Geo. Earle, late Ass't. Post. Gen'l.
may 13-17

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GEO. W. INGRAM & CO.
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WILL ATTEND PROMPTLY TO THE COLLECTION OF

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Hon. Richard Schell, 50 Wall " "
Col. Blanton Duncan, Louisville, Ky.
Geo. Blair, Adj. General, Baltimore, Md.
Seyfert, McManus & Co., Philadelphia.
Gen. Robert Patterson, " "
march 17-17

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Corner Delaware and Union Streets,
NEW CASTLE, DEL.
Monuments, Marble and Enameled
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Sept. 4-tf

M. E. DICKSON,
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DEALER IN
WATCHES AND JEWELRY,
SOLID STERLING
Silver and Plated Ware
Suitable for Holiday Presents.
N. B.—Fine selection of 18 Kt. Wedding Rings on Hand.
Gold, Silver and Steel Spectacles to suit all ages.
Dec. 10-tf

ABSOLUTE DIVORCES OBTAINED FROM
Courts of different States for reasons, &c. No publicity required. No charge until divorce granted. Address, M. HOUSE, Attorney,
Nov 29-2m 104 Broadway, N. Y.

Time Tables.

Delaware Rail Road Line.
Fall Arrangement.
ON and after Monday, Oct. 29th, 1873, (Sundays excepted), Trains will leave as follows:

| N. | | | | S. | | | |
|--------------|----|----|--------------------|----|----|----|----|
| | A. | M. | P. | | A. | M. | P. |
| Delmar | 12 | 00 | Philadelphia | 8 | 30 | 14 | |
| Laurel | 12 | 15 | Baltimore | 7 | 26 | 25 | |
| Seaford | 6 | 50 | Wilmington | 10 | 10 | 10 | |
| Seafordville | 6 | 48 | 1202 New Castle | 10 | 30 | 66 | |
| Greenwood | 6 | 48 | 103 State Road | 10 | 35 | 70 | |
| Seaford | 7 | 10 | Philadelphia | 10 | 50 | 71 | |
| Seafordville | 7 | 08 | 1030 Seaford | 10 | 50 | 71 | |
| Seaford | 7 | 43 | 63 Mt. Pleasant | 11 | 07 | 31 | |
| Seaford | 7 | 49 | 200 Middletown | 11 | 23 | 51 | |
| Seaford | 7 | 49 | 200 Seaford | 11 | 23 | 51 | |
| Seaford | 8 | 00 | 320 Blacklick | 11 | 39 | 85 | |
| Seaford | 8 | 14 | 231 Green Spring | 11 | 44 | 81 | |
| Seaford | 8 | 15 | 230 Smyrna | 11 | 47 | 87 | |
| Seaford | 8 | 15 | 230 Smyrna, arrive | 12 | 01 | 27 | |
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